

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1813.

[NO. 20]

The Intelligent Traveller;

OR,
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

HAVING taken leave of my fellow-travellers, and hired a horse from the master of the Crown, I followed the injunction of my friendly attorney, and in less than an hour reached the destined place of abode. The landlord of this humble ale-house was confined to his bed with a fever, and to the ostler my person was a stranger, as he was a new comer since the death of my aunt.—Three hours elapsed before Benson made his appearance, and my patience began to decline, when he darted into the room, clapped me repeatedly upon the shoulder, exclaiming, "I give you joy! but come with me, and you shall hear all about it, for the poor wretch wants to implore your forgiveness before she dies."

What ravages had disease made in the appearance of this wretched woman! scarcely could I believe it was the same creature I had seen in health within the space of a few weeks! As we entered the sick room the worthy Mr. Hemmington was in the act of leaving it, to whom she had acknowledged that she was present when the will was destroyed.

My readers will recollect that Mr. Hemmington was the gentleman who had been one of the witnesses to my deceased relation's will, and having requested her permission to peruse it at his leisure, he had fortunately taken an exact copy of it. This copy he read to the dying Mrs. Benson, who had made an affidavit that it was exactly similar to that of her departed mistress; and at the same time acknowledged that for the promise of two hundred guineas she had connived at my unprincipled cousin's burning the testament which was to put me into the immediate possession of £2,000.

As I approached the bed, the truly penitent sufferer said, in a feeble voice, "Oh, Sir, this is more than I deserve! but never have I had one happy minute since you quitted the hall. Wretch that I was, to belie the memory of such a mistress; and wickedly endeavour to keep you out of your right, but I have suffered enough for my injustice, and I only beg you pronounce my pardon."

"Most sincerely," I replied, "I regret the error of your conduct, and should the Almighty in his existence, I will reward you for the good you have made; but as to that man, whom I can no longer own, my vengeance shall pursue him to the farthest extremity of the earth."

"Vengeance belongeth to the Omnipotent!" exclaimed the pious Mr. Hemmington, who had protracted his visit upon seeing me enter the sick room; "yet a character so depraved as that of your cousin, for the sake of society, ought to be known; the whole neighbourhood were of opinion that some treachery had

been practised, and I have repeatedly written to inform you a copy of the will was preserved, but from some neglect in the post-master I conclude my letters never were delivered."

The rambling life I had led since the death of my revered relation, easily accounted for Mr. Hemmington's letter not reaching my hands; and having taken leave of the apparently dying Mrs. Benson, we quitted the apartment, for the purpose of discussing what would be the most judicious method to adopt.—The worthy lawyer had drawn up a simple matter-of-fact statement, as received from the lips of his penitent relation; from which I found that only one hundred pounds had been paid in money, but, for the security of the other, my worthless cousin had given his bond. As associates in iniquity, however not been drawn upon a paper that was stamped; in consequence of this omission an altercation took place between the parties, which terminated in Mrs. Benson's re-though she was unwilling to quit the house; and tuary one night was tempestuous, and no sanctu- wretch was so miles distance, the unfeeling ed. As for his commands being obey- ed, it was this ill fated woman driven from her habitation where she had actually reigned

as supreme for near fifteen years. My re- vered aunt was so completely attac- ked by that she was equally mistress with herself. A violent cold, caught by being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, laid the foundation for that disease, which no medical skill could combat; and the stings of a guilty conscience acting with double force upon a debilitated body, made the poor creature fancy that she had seen the sainted spirit of my aunt, who threat- ened her with eternal suffering, if she did not disclose the treacherous part she had performed.

Not chusing to expose her conduct to any person in the neighbourhood, fortunately for me, she sent an express to her worthy cousin; but finding herself hourly become weaker, and fearing he might not arrive in time to take her deposition, she dispatched a second messenger to Mr. Hemmington, and was faithfully relating each circumstance that had happened, when the worthy Benson made his appearance.

"If I was a selfish man," said Benson, as I entered a small parlour, "I should advise you to commence a suit against your rascal of a cousin; but as I find he is now at the hall, I have retired to his chamber by a sprained ankle we had better sally forth in a bonnet to him that his iniquity is found out, unless he instantly makes ample res- titution, he may expect the utmost severity of the law."

As this advice met with general approbation, as we were not more than two miles from the hall, we each mounted our Rosanantes, and in less than a quarter of an hour entered the park. The door was opened by a servant, to whose person I was a stranger, and, as we had agreed that Mr. Hemmington's name should only be mentioned, he sent up his compliments

to the invalid, adding, that he had a piece of intelligence to communicate, which he trusted would be an apology for calling at such an unseasonable time.

The man returned in a few minutes, re- questing Mr. Hemmington to walk up stairs, but looking extremely surprised when he saw Benson and myself prepare to accompany him, though he took care to inform us his master was very ill. As Mr. Hemmington approach- ed the sofa on which the invalid was reclining, he said, "Allow me to introduce Mr. Benson, an eminent attorney in London; with this other gentleman," continued he, "the form would be superfluous, as this house was for many years his asylum and his home."

Never was conscious guilt more strongly depicted upon the human countenance! I ac- tually thought the terrified invader of my prop- erty would have fallen to the ground! his tongue for some moments lost the power of ar- ticulation; but at length, with evident confu- sion, he spoke, requested to know the nature of our business, and intreated us to take a seat.

"This deposition of an expiring woman, and my near relation," said Benson, "will com- pletely explain the cause of our visit;" so say- ing, with great point and pathos, he audibly read a simple detail of facts; "and now, Sir,"

continued he, upon coming to the close of them, "are you ready to put this gentleman into the immediate possession of the fortune bequeath- ed to him? or would you prefer waiting the is- sue of a court of justice? But in the latter case, I beg leave to say, you must accompany me to London, and remain in a place of con- finement, until the law decides your doom."

"Is the attestation of a poor maniac to in- jure the credit of a man of my fortune?" de- manded the culprit; vainly endeavouring to assume a composed air.

"Would to heaven, Mr. —, that you could have the plea of insanity," said Mr. Hemming- ton, "for a mode of conduct which must ever stigmatize your name; but let me tell you, young man, an exact copy of your deceased aunt's will is in my possession; to which the now repentant Mrs. Benson has affixed her name, and taken a solemn oath that it is the counterpart of the one which you were deprav- ed enough to commit to the flames."

Finding that deception could no longer avail him, in an attitude of despair he conceal- ed his face, exclaiming, "I throw myself up- on your mercy, cousin; and, if you will not publish my depravity, I will give you half of my estate."

Not one farthing would I condescend to re- ceive from the hands of a being whom I had so much reason to despise. "Keep your es- tate, enjoy it if possible; I require only that fortune to which I have an undoubted claim. To expose the injustice of your conduct, might, in the opinion of some men, be due to society; but as my own character would not be elevated by your degradation, in the presence of these gentlemen, I solemnly assure you that I will never mention the destruction of the will."

The man who, a few weeks before, had treated me with the most supercilious haughtiness, now appeared ready to fall at my feet; and opening an escrutoir, he immediately invested me with the amount of my claim, loading me with expressions of gratitude, and imploring my forgiveness in the most abject terms.

(To be continued.)

THE MISANTHROPE.

A TALE

BY R. PORTER.

"Seldom he smil'd, and smil'd in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing."

Shakspeare.

THE thunder roared, the lightning gleamed awfully terrific, and disclosed to Antonio the horrors of his situation. Followed only by one attendant he found himself in the midst of a thick wood; his horse stumbling at every step, and drenched to the skin by the rain which fell in torrents; yet the dreadful roaring of the thunder, and all the concomitant horrors which surrounded him, could scarcely divert his mind from the contemplation of his own miseries. At every turn he expected to meet with banditti, with which this forest was infested, and he at last found himself obliged to stop his horse, and consult with his servant upon the most proper method of proceeding. At this juncture, a loud groan was heard to proceed from the right. "Good heaven!" said Antonio, "did you hear any thing?" "Yes, I heard a groan," answered the servant; "Heaven grant that we may get safely out of this dreadful place." A continued flashing of the lightning now disclosed the body of a man laying by the side of the road: Antonio ordered his servant to alight, and they raised the stranger from the ground. "Who are you?" enquired Antonio. A sullen silence succeeded. The question was repeated. "Wretches, can ye not let me die in peace," grumbled a voice. "We are your friends, and would assist you; and, having lost our way, are in search of shelter for the night," said Lawrence. "Then seek it still, and leave me to perish, said the stranger. Surprized at the uncouthness of his manner, they raised him upon his feet. "There, thank you; you may go now," said he. "Will you not then direct us to some house where we may pass the night?" "As you have been so kind as to assist me, you may for once share my cottage." He walked on; they silently followed. What will be the end of this adventure? thought Antonio to himself.

On their way, the stranger relaxed a little from his moroseness, and informed them, that for the last twenty years he had lived in solitude in the wood; that he was expected to be extremely rich, and, upon that supposition, some villains had knocked him down, and, having robbed him, left him for dead.

They soon reached a little white-washed cottage; the stranger knocked; a voice from within exclaimed, "The Word?" "Secrecy," was the answer, and the door was instantly opened by an old man, who, when he perceived so large a company, started back with surprize. "Take care of these horses, James," said the stranger. "Gentlemen, walk in; what I have, you are welcome to." They entered the house; an air of neatness was spread over the whole;

on a table were placed cold meats, with a few roasted potatoes, and a comfortable fire blazed in the chimney. "This is a fare you are unaccustomed to; but if you can eat of it, be seated," said their host; they did as they were desired; and, for the first time, the master and servant seated themselves at the same table, and eat of the same food. The stranger eat but little; and during the repast, surveyed his guests with the most scrutinizing attention. After supper they seated themselves round the fire, and the recluse, to their great surprize, addressed them in the following words:

"I perceive, Signor," addressing himself to Antonio, "you are surprized to see a man at my age, immuring himself in the recesses of the forest; but when you have heard the reasons which have induced me to this measure, I doubt not but your astonishment will cease. I am the son of a wealthy nobleman, named Don Leandro Alvarez; the period of my boyhood, till I reached the age of eighteen, I spent in study; from which I was called by the death of my father. Young as I was, and inexperienced in the ways of the world, it was no wonder that I fell a prey to young men, who lured me from the path of

the haunts of vice, in order to enjoy them, the riches of which I was possessed. With a liberal hand, I threw away the wealth which my father left me; and as far as I was able, I tasted of what is styled pleasure to the utmost extent; but, alas! I found it led to nothing but a midnight revel, or a debauch, was always followed by sickness and disgust; and sick calmer moments never failed to accuse me of my wickedness, and urge me to return to

the path of innocence and retirement. I find a sincere friend, and return again to my country mansion with him: where we will enjoy the pleasures of rational amusements, thought I: We will leave these scenes of riot and voluptuousness, where, in the disguise of pleasure, is concealed pain and disappointment, and try the more calm and moderate pleasures of a country life.

A young man named Mercutio, and myself, had for some time been intimate friends; he, as well as myself, was tired of continual scenes of dissipation; and willingly accompanied me to my country residence; here, for a time, we enjoyed those exquisite pleasures which proceed from a similarity of sentiment: here, we found true delight in rural walks and rational conversation, which might be denominated

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul." But, alas! such a delightful calm could not continue long; and I now proceed to tell you the cause which destroyed this blissful illusion; and at once cut off my hopes of happiness in this world. One of my tenants had a daughter, lovely as the day: I loved her, and would have married her: she returned my passion as much as I could desire: it was appointed for our nuptials.

A few days before my intended marriage, I was obliged to leave home on important business; which would detain me all night. With an aching heart, though for so short a time, I took leave of Eleonora and my friend, who seemed to part with me with extreme regret. "Take care of yourself, my dear Leandro," said he, "remember, Eleonora and myself are part of your own existence; if evil befalls you, we shall also suffer with you."—Happy that I possessed a friend so dear and full of tender sensations, on account of the good natured anxiety he expressed for my safety, I

commenced my journey. I had not proceeded ten miles from home, when, riding upon a very rugged road, my horse fell, and lacerated himself in such a manner as made him entirely unable to continue his journey. I could not procure another any nearer than our own village, and having got the creature at length upon his legs, I leisurely took my way back again. In the evening, I reached my own house, and, weary and tired as I was, hurried on the wings of love to visit my Eleonora.—As usual, I entered the house without ceremony: the door of the little parlour was half open. I heard my friend, Mercutio's voice; I caught the words "Eternal Constancy! I hesitated, and said, "O Signor, could a Spaniard calmly bear it? I heard my perfidious friend offer to carry her off from her tormentor, as he called me: She confessed she never loved me, and agreed to his proposal, and a kiss sealed the contrast. I could bear it no longer. Drawing my sword, I rushed into the room, exclaiming, Cursed Dissembler! take the reward of thy duplicity. My sword pierced his heart. Thou too, false woman, take thy reward—the stings of a never dying conscience:—so saying I rushed from the house, and, with only one attendant, reared this lowly monument to my friend, and to the world, to all any arguments restore to society.

EVENING.

By Mary Woolstencraft, in Norway.

I RETIRED to my apartment with regret. The night was so fine, that I would gladly have rambled about much longer; yet recollecting that I must rise very early, I reluctantly went to bed: but my senses had been so awake, and my imagination still continued so busy, that I sought my rest in vain. Rising before six, I scented the sweet morning air; I had long before heard the birds twittering to hail the dawning day, though it could scarcely have been allowed to have departed.

Nothing, in fact, can equal the beauty of the northern summer's evening and night; if night it may be called that only wants the glare of day, the full light, which frequently seems so impertinent; for I could write at midnight very well without a candle. I contemplated all nature at rest; the rocks, even grown darker in their appearance, looked as if they partook of the general repose, and reclined more heavily on their foundation.—What, I exclaimed, is this active principle which keeps me still awake?—Why fly my thoughts abroad when every thing around me appears at home? My child was sleeping with equal calmness—innocent and sweet as the closing flowers—recollecting I had shed to the idea of home

and respecting the state of the contemplating that even the rosy cheek I had seen that trembled on the cheek of my girl gave a piognancy to the idea of home

What are these imperious sympathies? How frequently has melancholy and even misanthropy taken possession of me, when the world has disgusted me, and friends have proved unkind. I have considered myself as a particle broken from the grand mass of mankind;—I was a particle till some involuntary sympathy, like the attraction of adhesion, made me feel that I was still a part of a mighty whole, from which I could not sever

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE ship Citizen has arrived at Newport from Lisbon in 27 days, but brings nothing more of consequence than has before been published from Spain or Portugal. London dates to the 14th July, by this arrival have been received; the chief news relates to the sailing of considerable land forces, with large trains of artillery, both for the Baltic and the Peninsula. That at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and every other quarter, the prevailing animosity against the French has caused great dissatisfaction to be expressed at the Armistice, which the better informed look upon as most likely to consolidate the allies, and ultimately ensure their triumph over their enemies.

On Monday last the Bodies of the much lamented capt. Lawrence and lieut. Ludlow arrived in this city by land from Salem, and was delivered on board the U. S. sloop of war Alert, lying off the Navy-Yard; and on Thursday were consigned to the "narrow house," "the house appointed for all living," in Trinity Church Yard.

We never witnessed, on any occasion, a procession so large and so respectable. The bodies were brought from the Navy-Yard in barges, each rowed by 14 seamen dressed in white; they passed round the battery and fort, and landed at the Steamboat dock at the foot of Greenwich-street, where the Procession formed, and moved up Greenwich-street, through Chamber-st. down Broadway to Trinity Church. The concourse of citizens was so large that the Procession consumed more than three hours. The bells were tolled; minute-guns were fired from the Battery and the Navy-Yard; and the colours of the vessels in the harbour were displayed at half-mast. The Right Rev. Bishop Hobart performed the funeral service. The whole scene was singularly solemn and impressive. [Mercant. Ad.]

Order of the Procession.—Two Regiments of Artillery with small arms; infantry; dragons dismounted. Society of Cincinnati. Clergy. Bodies. A number of seamen supporting two biers. A company of marines. Relations. Common Council. Officers of the General Government. Officers of the State Government. Officers of the Army and Navy. Officers of the Militia not on duty in uniform. Citizens. Grand Lodge and Masonic Brethren. Tammany Society, and Columbian Order. Hamilton and Washington Societies; with, it is presumed, an assemblage in the whole, of not less than 50,000 spectators.

In addition to the above mark of respect, the Corporation have voted 1000 dollars each to capt. Lawrence's two children (a son and daughter) when they arrive at age; the interest in the mean time to be applied to their education or use, and in the case of the death of one the other is to receive it; and if both should die, it is to revert to the corporation.

On Thursday the 9th inst. Lieut. Burrows, late of the U. S. brig of war Enterprize, and capt. Blyth, late commander of the British brig Boxer, both slain in battle, were entombed with all the honors due to gallantry and worth. Capt. Blyth was one of the Pall Bearers to capt. Lawrence at Halifax. Such frequently is the Soldier's fate.

The governor of this state has offered a reward of 500 dollars, and the people of the village of Athens as much more, for the apprehension of the villains who barbarously murdered Miss Sally Hamilton, a young Lady of said village on the evening of the 25th of August last.

Sunday evening last the blockading frigate Statira, off Sandy Hook, fired about 20 shot at the blockhouse in Spinnaceti Cove, about four miles to the southward of the Hook, which were returned and the frigate stood off. Same day her barges captured the new pilot-boat schr. Torpedo, bound to New-Orleans.

The latest account from the Chesapeake mentions that nearly all the enemy's force had sailed out of the capes; most probably to convey their disposable troops to the St. Lawrence.

myself—not, perhaps, for the reflection has been carried very far, by snapping the thread of an existence which loses its charms in proportion as the cruel experience of life stops or poisons the current of the heart. Futurity, what hast thou not to give to those who know that there is such a thing as happiness! I speak not of philosophical contentment, though pain has afforded me the strongest conviction of it.

Variety.

UNGALLANT ACTION.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady a pause of some minutes ensued; he seemed still more uneasy. 'Oh the timidity of some!' thought the lady—when lo! Sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. Now the palpitations began; he will kiss it no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury and drew the captive hand near his head; already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore-finger what he much wanted—a tobacco stopper!

An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him; "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

In our last we gave some account of Epaminondas, the Theban general, which is now concluded.

CORNELIUS NEPOS takes notice of a circumstance which throws additional rays of dignity on the death of Epaminondas; viz. That, upon being assured his wound was incurable, and the extinction of life would immediately follow the extraction of the steel; he abstained from dying (if I may so speak) and nobly kept himself in voluntary torture, by refusing to pull out the infixed weapon, till he had received indubitable information of his forces having gained the day. Then it was that he uttered the sublime speeches before mentioned; calmly drew out, with his own hand, the fragment of the javelin from his breast; and in an ecstasy of triumph expired. Nepos relates these fine incidents with such concise eloquence that must be gratifying to every reader of taste. At Epaminondas, cum, animadvertet, mortiferum se vulnus accepisse, simulque, si ferrum quod ex hastili in corpore remanserat, extraxisset, animam statim emissurum; usque eo retinuit, quoad renunciatum est, vicisse Bæotios. Id postquam audivit satis, (inquit) vixi invictus enim morior. Tum, ferro extracto, confestim examinatus est. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of such painting as this, but the magnanimity of the great original from whom it was drawn.

On Sunday last a Mr. Hill, by trade a blacksmith, went with his two sons, one 10 the other 16 years old, to bathe in the East river, near Stuyversant's woods. The youngest son imprudently ventured into the water beyond his depth; and not knowing how to swim, was in the act of drowning, when the elder brother, observing his situation instantly flew to his relief, and in endeavouring to save him, they got entangled in each others arms and sunk once or twice. Upon which the father, who was standing on the beach, with all his clothes on, plunged in after them, in the hope of being able to save his drowning children. But alas! notwithstanding he got hold of them, and struggled for some time to bring them to the shore, he at length became exhausted, and they all three sunk into a watery grave. The bodies of the above unfortunate persons have been found. [E. Post.]

By the steam boat yesterday from Albany, accounts are received, which leave no room to doubt of a general engagement having taken place on Lake Ontario. The account is from Canandaigua, derived from a man who, it is said, had been out in a skiff, and not more than a mile from the fleets most of the time. It is stated, that on Wednesday the 8th inst. the two fleets, ours of eleven sail, and the British of eight, had manoeuvred until Saturday for the weather gage; when commodore Chauncey obtained it; and on that day about 2 P. M. an engagement took place, which lasted two hours, when the British fleet, being better sailers, shot ahead out of gun shot. That our fleet pursued until near sun-set, when the Pike came up and passed between the Wolfe and another vessel, with the intention of cutting them off, when a second engagement took place, which lasted one hour; after which the enemy sailed off, and the last that was seen of them, they had separated from our fleet, ours in pursuit.

Accounts from the N. W. army say, that it has taken up its march for lake Erie; where a naval engagement is likely to take place.

The chief of the army at Burlington, (lake Champlain, have all crossed at Cumberland Head; where the army appears on the move.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Onderdonk, Mr. William D. Titus, to Miss Ann Carter.

By the rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Thomas Dixon, to Mrs. Eliza Peidemotte.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Joseph D. Gilpin, to Miss Sarah Marsh, daughter of the late Joseph Marsh, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Beattie, of New-Utrecht, (L. I.) Mr. John S. Conger, to Miss Sarah Bogart, daughter of Mr. Abraham Bogart, all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. William Rhodes, in the 49th year of his age.

On board the ship William, on her passage home from St. Salvador, John Campbell, a native of Scotland, aged 51 years.

On Wednesday last Mr. Benjamin Thomas, aged 31 years.

At Canaan (Con.) Mr. Liffy Hoyt, of the firm of Hoyt & Jarvis, of this city.

On the 10th inst. at Peekskill, John Ferrers, esq. of this city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vandewater, relict of the late Mr. William Vandewater.

The City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, for the last week, ending the 11th instant.

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 70 John-street, corner of Gold-st. New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THRICE happy man, who far from strife
Enjoys the blissful calm of life,
With some bewitching little wife,
In country air

For him dog-days have no alarms,
He trembles not at din of arms,
Nor fears ten thousand other harms,
That break my rest.

Soon as the cock proclaims the morn,
And wreaths of light the east adorn,
He rises with the world new born,
And hies to toil.

Congential toil, that nerv'd the frame,
Of them we heroes, giants, name,
The Conq'rors at th' olympic game,
And gods of old.

How oft to some pent town confin'd,
I've sigh'd to breathe thy mountain wind,
And, nurse of health and peaceful mind,
Thy favors taste.

Give me a cot beneath some hill,
Just where I hear a murmur'ing rill,
Stray through the little spot I till,
At matin hour.

And be the beauteous maiden there,
Who makes my pleasure all her care,
While I her ev'ry pleasure share—
And I am blest.

Though faithless fortune here may low'r,
Securely we'll defy her pow'r,
And give each happy fleeting hour,
To love and Heav'n.

M.

LAWRENCE and LUDLOW.

The following Lines from the Boston Gazette, written on the arrival of the remains of Capt. LAWRENCE and Lieut. LUDLOW, at Salem from Halifax, may not at this time be unappropriate here, where they are to rest for ever, in Trinity Church Yard.

RELICS of the fallen brave!
Tenants of an honor'd tomb!
Conscious pride exalts the wave
Whose swelling bosom bears you home.

Ocean hails you, gallant souls!
Now once more his realm you cross;
And each billow as it rolls,
Moans an anthem for your loss.

Glory's halo binds your brows,
Immortality's your shroud,
While our love, like Zephyr, blows
From your disk of fame, each cloud.

Adoration warms the clay
That was cold on foreign bier—
Our best sacrifice we pay,
'Tis the silent, grief-swoll'n tear.

Sons of Glory! Mighty Dead!
Welcome to your parent land;
Softly here shall rest your head,
Pillow'd by your brothers' hand.

LAWRENCE! LUDLOW! Sons of Fame!
Here shall rise the Sculptur'd stone;
"NOBLE IS THE HERO'S NAME,
"GLORY CLAIMS IT AS HER OWN!"

ON SEEING A WOMAN BEAT HER HUSBAND.

THE rib, which Adam lost to form his bride,
Sticks closer now than ever to his side;
In vain the sacred writ bade woman bow,
Alas! his rib is his rib-roaster now.

STRENGTH WITHIN.

INTREPID virtue dauntless smiles,
Tho' compass'd round by worldly toils,
With heav'nly piercing eye;
Whether in fortune's paths she treads,
Or dives in scenes where sorrow spreads,
Her veil of ebon dye.

She, smiling power, looks all serene,
When dark afflictions intervene
To hide hope's cheerful light;
Her eye pervades misfortune's storm,
And sees in life's delusive form
A Providence aright.

With pliant knee, she owns his power
That whirls the sun, appoints the shower,
In countless drops to fall;
God's voice in deep distress she hears,
Nor can an hostile frame of fears
Her fortitude appal.

Not the fell chains which tyrants forge,
The lictor's rod, the furrowing scourge,
Can crush her vig'rous power;
Superior to the shocks of time,
She springs aloft, and spreads sublime,
An amaranthine flower.

There her small pinnace batter'd sore,
Shall anchor on that placid shore,
Where billows never boom;
Secur'd in harbour there she'll rest,
Where pirate-evils ne'er molest,
But joys for ever bloom.

Morality.

ON COURTESY.

(Concluded from our last.)

A thousand inexpressible enjoyments flow from this divine source. Where courtesy is neglected, the wild deserts of Africa would be a more desirable abode, and its inhabitants the more agreeable neighbours and associates. The benefits arising from it are incalculable; it relaxes the stern looks of an estranged friend into a smile; in trade, it frequently regains lost connections; contemporaries in learning, it makes good humoured and candid; rival beauties are rendered not unpleasant in company; and sometimes it vanquishes the asperities of enmity. From the high polish which females in high stations in general receive, and which is now imitated by almost every person of respectability and fortune, it is indispensably necessary for young men to acquire an habitual courtesy, that they may render themselves suitable and agreeable companions to their female friends.

There is, in courtesy a secret charm that delights the eye, and more powerfully pleases the heart, than any other attainment. Though many learned men of cloistered life may think it beneath their dignity to seek the attainment of it; yet when they observe the general satisfaction it diffuses, they must be compelled to acknowledge its powerful effects, and wish that it was united along with their other endowments.

To those whom adversity has driven into servitude and dependance, courtesy is like the balm of consolation to their wounded spirits; it lightens the burthen of their calamities, and excites a cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations of providence. The indignities which they once thought they should feel, courtesy convinces them existed only in their timorous imaginations. They are now persuaded that many are to be found who treat their inferiors as fellow creatures, and who justly think they differ not so much in sentiments, as in the mode

of delivering them. Entertaining these just ideas, and giving full scope to the practice of them, each individual of a family feels that serenity of mind which few enjoy in elevated situations.

Surveyed on a more general scale, it will be found that courtesy has a tendency to soothe the turbulent passions of men, and render less violent the conflict of contending factions; it may hush the clamours of discontent, silence the hissings of envy, and restrain the outrages of the bold and the impetuous; hence will follow, instead of tumult and dissatisfaction, tranquility and obedience; labour will be uninterrupted by discord, peace established, and property secured on firm foundations.

Oh Courtesy! inspire MAN with an ample portion of thy spirit—then will HE be inclined to the practice of kind actions and engaging manners, imparting pleasure to society, and felicity to friendship.

Anecdote.

HOW TO PREVENT A HORSE FROM FALLING.

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had got many yards, he found he possessed the usual excellencies of the four footed hirelings of the roads, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c.—The sailor, however, (having being unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing 'shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head.

The feast of reason which from READING springs,
To reasoning man the highest solace brings.
'Tis BOOKS a lasting pleasure can supply,
Charm while we live and teach us how to die.
Seek here ye young the anchor of your mind,
Here suffering age a bless'd provision finds.

New-York Circulating Library,

No. 124 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

THIS extensive and valuable undertaking has now been established for several years;—its character has gradually risen during that period, and it has now become the resort of the fashionable and reading part of society. Here the complaint which is sometimes made against Circulating Libraries, as being filled with novels, and other light reading, to the exclusion of more valuable books, is completely obviated; as a large part of this collection consists of those more sound and valuable works which public opinion has stamped with celebrity in the various departments of literature, such as History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, Arts and Sciences, Divinity, Miscellanies, Poetry, Plays, Painting, and the Fine Arts, Ornithology, Education, Medicine, Military Tactics, Magazines and regular sets and files of all the principal English and American Periodical Publications and Newspapers, &c. &c. All new Romances and Novels are liberally supplied as soon as published, which is very satisfactory to subscribers, who wish to read them while new.

In short every exertion has been made to render GOODRICH & CO's. Literary Repository, an agreeable place of resort to the ladies and gentlemen of this city. Subscriptions to the Library are received for a year, half-year, quarter, or month, payable in advance. The terms of Subscription may be known, and Catalogues procured at the Library, where constant attendance is given at all hours from sunrise till 9 o'clock in the evening; with the customary exceptions of Sundays, and all public days.